

A FORGIVING SPIRIT.

Dr. Talmage Placates the World's Revenges.

He Recommends More of the Saccharine and Less of the Sour in Human Dispositions—Forgiveness Before Sundown.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington, Dec. 20.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage placates the world's revenges and recommends more of the saccharine and less of the sour in human dispositions; text, Ephesians, 4:26: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

What a pillow, embroidered of all colors, hath the dying day! The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many colored mausoleum in which it evening it is buried.

Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light on the tiptop crags and strack astrant through the foliage the more conspicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in condensation. Burning Moscovs on the sky. Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapor, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. The hunter among the Adirondacks and the Swiss villager among the Alps know what is a sunset among the mountains. After a storm at sea the rolling grandeur into which the sun goes down to bathe at nightfall is something to make weird and splendid dreams out of for a lifetime. Alexander Smith in his poem compares the sunset to "the barren beach of hell," but this wonderful spectacle of nature makes me think of the burnished wall of Heaven. Paul in his prison, writing my text, remembers some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze at the close of the oriental days, and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime, all suggestive duty for people then and people now! Forgiveness before sundown! He who never feels the throbs of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon himself and others without flush of cheek, or flash of eye, or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, ordered the constables of the courtroom to smite Paul on the mouth, Paul fired up and said: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" In the sentence before my text Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and everyone has had his pursuers, and we are swindled or belied or misrepresented or persecuted or in some way wronged, and the danger is that hateful indignation shall become baleful spite and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves, and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? Why that period of flaming wrath set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no; I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper.

First, because 12 hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion. It heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Besides that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from six o'clock to six o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" Watch the descending orb of day, and when it reaches the horizon take a reef in your disposition. Unloose your collar and cool off. Change the subject to something delightfully pleasant. Unroll your tight fist and shake hands with some one. Bank up the fires at the curfew bell. Drive the growling dog of enmity back to its kennel. The hours of this morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and, I beg you, on its brazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives and satires.

Other things being equal, the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old writer says that the celebrated John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face, when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said: "This, sir, is a digression. Now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few of such equipoise of spirit, the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say. "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible if God help.

Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can

realize that their behavior toward you may be pit in the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God has so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemies. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until 32 minutes after four this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness at meridian.

Again, we ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at ten o'clock at night and sleep clear through to six in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotica and sedatives and morphine and choral and bromide of potassium and cocaine and intoxicants are used, but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. How is a man going to sleep when he is in mind pursuing an enemy? With what nervous twitch he will start out of a dream! That new plan of cornering his foe will keep him wide awake while the clock strikes 11, 12, 1, 2. I give you an unfailing prescription for wakefulness: Spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at eight or nine o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeonhole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your enemy's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be worried quiescence and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back, a frightful nightmare.

Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foe come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanders who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer—sweet, refreshing, all invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud and say to them: "Thus far and no farther." Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by the malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After awhile I have bluntly asked them: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion, they have slightly whispered: "Yes." Then I have said: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

Again, we ought not to allow the sun to set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between 11 o'clock p. m. and three o'clock a. m. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most people enter the next world through the shadows of this world. Perhaps God may have arranged it that way so as to make the contrast the more glorious. I have seen sunny days in this world that must have been almost like the radiance of Heaven. But as most people leave the earth between sundown and sunrise they quit this world at its darkest, and Heaven, always bright, will be the brighter for that contrast. Out of darkness into irradiation.

Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would want to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? How can we expect His forgiveness for the greater when we are not willing to forgive others for the less? Napoleon was encouraged to undertake the crossing of the Alps because Charlemagne had previously crossed them. And all this rugged path of forgiveness bears the bleeding footsteps of Him who conquered through suffering, and we ought to be willing to follow. On the night of our departure from this life into the next our one plea will have to be for mercy, and it will have to be offered in the presence of Him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one and hating that one and wishing that one a damage and wishing some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for 10,000 obliquities of heart and life. When our last hour comes, we want it to find us all right.

Hardly anything affects me so much in the uncovering of Pompeii as the account of the soldier who, after the city had for many centuries been covered with the ashes and scoriae of Vesuvius, was found standing in his place on guard, hand on spear and helmet on head. Others fled at the awful submergence, but the explorer, 1,700 years after, found the body of that brave fellow in right position. And it will be a grand thing if, when our last moment comes, we are found in right position toward God, on guard and unaffected by the descending ashes from the mountains of death. I do not suppose that I am any more of a coward than most people, but I declare to you that I would not dare to sleep tonight if there were any being in all the earth with whom I would not gladly

shake hands, lest during the night hours my spirit dismissed to other realms, I should, because of my unforgiving spirit, be denied Divine forgiveness.

"But," says one woman, "there is a horrid creature that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first." Well, sister, you may take your choice, for one or the other it will be your complete pardon of her or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man, "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods or damaged my business credit or started that lie about me in the newspapers or his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot, forgive him I will not." Well, brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of Heaven as to see the lighthouse. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet; I will make him squirm; I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging yourself more than you damage him, and you are making Heaven for your soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dabbias will bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that take a shovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Oh, it makes one feel splendid to be able by God's help to practice unlimited forgiveness. It improves one's body and soul. My brother, it will make you measure three or four more inches around the chest and improve your respiration so that you can take a deeper and longer breath. It improves the countenance by scattering the gloom and makes you somewhat like God himself. He is omnipotent, and we cannot copy that. He is independent of all the universe, and we cannot copy that. He is creative, and we cannot copy that. He is omnipresent, and we cannot copy that. But He forgives with a broad sweep all faults, and all neglects, and all insults, and all wrongdoings, and in that way we may copy Him with mighty success. Go harness that sublime action of your soul to the sunset—the hour when the gate of Heaven opens to let the day pass into the eternities, and some of the glories escape this way through the brief opening. We talk about the Italian sunsets and sunset amid the Appennines and sunset amid the cordilleras, but I will tell you how you may see a grander sunset than any mere lover of nature ever beheld; that is, by flinging into it all your hatreds and animosities, and let the horses of fire trample them, and the chariots of fire roll over them, and the spearmen of fire stab them, and the beach of fire consume them, and the billows of fire overwhelm them.

Again, we should not let the sun go down on our wrath, because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunset as your provider and defender. People talk as though it were a fixed spectacle of nature and always the same. But no one ever saw two sunsets alike, and if the world has existed 6,000 years there have been about 2,190,000 sunsets, each of them as distinct from all the other pictures in the gallery of the sky as Titian's "Last Supper," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" are distinct from each other. If that God is of such infinite resources that he can put on the wall of the sky each evening more than the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries all in one is my God and your God, our provider and protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many-colored sunset can put the right color on our action. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath sun go down upon your wrath.

Mohammed said: "The sword is the key of Heaven and hell." But, my hearers, in the first day we will find just the opposite of that to be true, and that the sword never unlocks Heaven, and that he who heals wounds is greater than he who makes them, and that on the same ring are two keys—God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of enemies—and these two keys unlock paradise.

And now I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset to your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at six o'clock, it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday or middle life had come and the clock of your earthly existence had struck 12, cloud racks gathered, and tempest belowed in the track of tempest. But as the evening of old age approaches, I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon, may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you have gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire and on the waters in letters of opal and on the hills in letters of emerald: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset of earth become the sunrise of Heaven.

A Gordian Knot. Dasherly—Understand that he's very well connected. Flashery—You bet! He's tied to his wife's apron strings.—Kansas City Independent.

BRITISH ENLISTMENTS.

Mounted Infantry to Be Sent to South Africa.

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY CALLED.

General Lord Roberts to Command the Forces, With Lord Kitchener as Chief of Staff—General Buller's Terrible Repulse at Tugela River.

London, Dec. 20.—The government has at last consented to mobilize a force, which General Buller is credited with having demanded all along as an essential of success in South Africa, namely, 9,000 mounted infantry. This morning the war office issued an order to the effect that the government had decided to raise for South Africa a "imperial yeomanry," and to be recruited from yeomanry, volunteers and civilians possessing the requisite qualifications. Enlistment will be for one year, or during the continuance of the war. The men must be between 20 and 35 years of age. Officers and men are to provide their own horses and to wear neutral tint cloth shooting jackets, not necessarily uniform, felt hats, breeches and gaiters. All must be good riders and marksmen. The arrangements are expected to result in a considerable force. The enrolled strength of the yeomanry forces, which originated in the troublesome period of the French revolution, is now 10,433. Their services have never before been called for in war. The enthusiasm of volunteer enlistments continues, and promises to give the government ample material. A press dispatch from Chileveley early yesterday, intending to assail the Boer positions, which were known to be very strong to the westward and northwest of Colenso. During the two preceding days the Boers had allowed themselves to be bombarded without descending to reply with a single shot. They further gave half an hour's opening yesterday without an exchange, when suddenly they belched out a stream of fire from all their entrenchments, beside opening a fearful cannonade with all their quick firing and siege guns, which were posted from end to end of their positions. When their presence and actual positions had been determined the British naval brigade commenced shelling all the ridges north of the town with marvelous accuracy. At this time the artillery attached to General Hart's division was busy among the entrenchments on the hills on the British left, under cover of which the Irish infantry brigade marched out in extended order to cross the river and attack. Undoubtedly aiming at this battery, the Boers sent several shells near the ambulance train, which was forced to change its position. While this was transpiring the field artillery on the right were busy shelling the ridges of the Boers' left flank, their excellent practice attracting the attention of the Boers, who retaliated with a scathing fire, almost demolishing all the guns and stampeding the gun carriage and limber horses. Last Friday the war office received a dispatch from General Buller announcing a severe reverse. In attempting to force a passage across the Tugela river the troops were met with a terrible fire from the Boers at close range, and General Buller ordered the troops to retreat to the camp at Chileveley. The Boers captured ten British guns and destroyed another by shell fire. The British casualties aggregate 1,094. Among the dead is Lieutenant Roberts, only son of the new commander in South Africa. On Sunday it was officially announced that Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford had been named as commander-in-chief in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener as his chief of staff. The British losses in the war thus far aggregate nearly 8,000.

Federation Opposes Philippines War. Detroit, Dec. 20.—The significant feature of the eighth day of the Federation of Labor convention was a stand taken yesterday afternoon in opposition to all wars of conquest. The delegates representative of probably 1,500,000 members of labor unions voted unanimously that such wars, "whether waged in Africa, the Philippines or elsewhere," greatly endanger the liberties of the conquered peoples. The declaration also opposes any increase of the standing army of the United States beyond 25,000 officers and enlisted men.

In the Hands of a Receiver. Baltimore, Dec. 20.—Judge Phelps, in the city circuit court, late yesterday afternoon, appointed Harry A. Farr receiver for the Columbian Iron Works and Dry Dock company. Mr. Farr gave bonds for \$100,000. The receiver was appointed by consent. It is alleged that in the course of the transaction of its business the company has subjected itself to many obligations, now aggregating between \$275,000 and \$400,000, and is insolvent.

Currency Bill Passes the House. Washington, Dec. 19.—The currency bill was passed yesterday by the house by a vote of 190 to 150. It had the united support of every Republican in the house and of eleven Democrats—Messrs. Clayton, Driggs, Fitzgerald, Levy, Ruppert, Scudder, Underhill and Wilson of New York, Messrs. of Pennsylvania, Denny, Maryland and Thayer of Massachusetts.

British Cruiser Held Up Spaniard. Madrid, Dec. 20.—The Spanish steamer Ciudad de Cadiz, which has just arrived at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, from Cadiz, reports that she was pursued and overhauled last Saturday by a British cruiser, which fired guns, compelling her to heave to, interrogated her as to name and route, and then allowed her to proceed.

Earthquake Shocks in Germany. Berlin, Dec. 20.—Sharp earthquakes were felt yesterday morning in the Rheingau district, between Frankfurt and Weisbaden. The houses were shaken and the people rushed wildly into the open air. No loss of life is reported.

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FORTNEY & WALKER, (D. F. Fortney and W. Harrison Walker) Attorneys-at-law—Office in Woodring building, opposite court house. Prompt attention to all legal business.

ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, Attorneys-at-law—In Fruner's building, Practices in all the courts. German and English.

H. S. TAYLOR, Attorney-at-law—Office in Temple Court. Tax collector of Bellefonte borough. Collections promptly attended to.

S. D. GETTIG, Attorney-at-law—In Fruner Building, English and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

WILLIAM G. RUNKLE, Attorney-at-law—In Crider's Exchange, English and German. Legal business promptly attended to.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-law—Office in court house District attorney.

J. H. WETZEL, Attorney-at-law—Office in Crider's Exchange, special attention given to surveying and engineering.

W. C. HEINLE, Attorney-at-law—In building opposite court house. Consultation in German and English.

JOHN M. KEICHLIN, Attorney-at-law and Justice of the Peace—in opera house block, opposite Court house.

J. C. MEYER, Attorney-at-law—in Crider's Exchange, Ex-district attorney, German and English. Prompt attention to all business.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Attorney-at-law—High street, near court house. Practices in all the courts.

WILLIAM J. SINGER, Attorney-at-law—in Temple Court building, room No. 21, fourth floor.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after Nov 20, 1899.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m.; arrive at Tyrone 11:30 a.m.; at Altoona 1:00 p.m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 2:35 p.m.; at Altoona 2:10 p.m.; at Pittsburg 6:55 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m.; arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p.m.; at Altoona 6:35 p.m.; at Pittsburg 11:30 p.m. VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m.; arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 6 p.m. VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m.; arrive at Tyrone 11:10; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 6 p.m. VIA LOCK HAVEN—NORTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m.; arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m.; arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.; at Williamsport 3:50 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:41 p.m.; arrive at Lock Haven 5:30 p.m. VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:52 a.m.; arrive at Lock Haven 10:30; Bellefonte 12:40 p.m.; arrive at Harrisburg 3:15 p.m.; at Philadelphia 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m.; arrive at Lock Haven 2:45 p.m.; Williamsport 3:50 p.m.; Harrisburg 4:55 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:41 p.m.; arrive at Lock Haven 5:30 p.m.; Harrisburg 6:35 p.m.; Philadelphia 9:45 p.m. VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte 4:40 a.m.; arrive at Lewisburg 5:45 a.m.; Harrisburg 6:50 a.m.; Philadelphia 10:20 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 2:15 p.m.; arrive at Lewisburg 3:20 p.m.; Harrisburg 4:25 p.m.; Philadelphia 7:35 p.m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for various routes.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY. WESTWARD. EASTWARD. Table with columns for stations and times.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for various routes.

BELLEFONTE & SNOWSHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after Nov 20, 1899.

Table with columns for stations and times for Bellefonte & Snowshoe Branch.

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